

## S A T Y R

UPON

## Musty-SNUFF.

31. May. 1727.

**T**O all nice Beaux, and nicer Ladies, who  
The *Tast* and *Love* of MUSTY SNUFF pursue.  
To Those, and only Those, this Satyr's meant;  
Whose daily Nose gay Smells like Excrement;

Keck, at the wholesom Scent of Link or Dung,  
When their dear Flower from a *Turd* is sprung:  
Or if not that, as bad, far Church-Yard Mould,  
A Truth, a lying Jew, when Drunk, once told.  
Then Spike-Oyl Drops is an Ingredient,  
Which helps compose that odious foistie Scent.  
Tho', tell your Snuff-men this, they're in a rage,  
And Swear it owes its Flavour to its Age.  
Impose upon You, by a Method new;  
Take it before ye, though they're like to Spew:  
As proof of which, their Boxes but Examine;  
You'll find, that what they Take is *Spanish-plain*.

Proud *Courtezal* was your first Man of Note,  
And with *French* Airs, both Fame and Money got.  
Just like a well-pac'd Whore, he was so nice,  
He'd ne're abate One Penny of his Price;  
But he deserv'd it, for his Lying well,  
And chousing you both in your *Tast* and Smell.

For each Pound bought of him you paid a Guinea,  
Then dirty *Norcock* fell in hopes to win-ye:  
But his, for want of moist *Turd* in the mixture,  
Displeas'd, because 'twas dry, and flew like Air.  
And so, poor *Bast*, for want of *Turd* enough,  
Had all the Fops, of Judgment, damn'd his Snuff.

Next *Diteon* wisely thought to make a Christian,  
More likely to be done in Snuff than Man,  
And solemnly Baptiz'd it *Hauze MUST*,  
Which was as damn'd a Lye, as *his no Trust*;  
Tells you, 'tis Age, that makes it musty grow,  
And Age from which it has its Dampness too.  
Makes long Harangues on its mighty Use,  
And Civilly does all Mankind abuse.

*Diteon's* Half-Brother *Lillie* next comes in,  
Swears most profusely that he Sells the same;  
Labours extremly too, to raise his Name,  
Mimmicks his Shop, his Air, and Cringing Men.  
But cannot reach his Elder Brother's Fame.

Not that he Sells you worse, or Cheats you less,  
 For, *Diteon* like, he Sells his ~~Turd~~ by guess.  
 He *Bills* the Ring with *Pass*, to whiten Hands,  
 And at his Door *MUST* in large Letters stands.  
 Talks much, and Lyes most infinitely well,  
 Concerning *Musty Snuff*, and its fine Smell.

The City-Fawyns, who always ape the Court,  
 In Crowds to toying *Penkethman's* resort,  
 And fill their Boxes there with Man's-Dung Snuff,  
 With which, on *Change*, their horned Sculls they stuff.

Each Coffee-house, and little Millen-Whore,  
 Has *Musty-Snuff* set up to front their Door;  
 And 'cause that Christians cannot Cheat enough,  
 You purchase Rotten-Post, of *Jews*, for Snuff,  
 And let the Circumcized Whores-birds run  
 With ~~Turd~~ and *Post* to poyson Half the Town;  
 Because they swear, forsooth, that theirs is neat,  
 And has not yet gone through the Snuff-men's Cheat.  
 Then ask the latter, Why themselves don't Use it?  
 They cry, 'tis constant Use makes them refuse it.  
 So Vintners, and Apothecaries, tell ye,  
 To avoid the Poyson that they Sell ye.  
 Then the damn'd Rogues hold it at such a Price,  
 That Four-Pound *Bobea* like, 'tis grown a Vice.  
 Prate like Old *Doyley* too, and run it down,  
 Wishing their was not one *Pinch* left in *sh' Town*;  
 Constantly swear their Stock is almost gone.  
*Save me Six Pounds*, cries one, *of that same Pot*;  
 Others there are that make a fearful rout,  
 To match their Flavour when that Jarr is out.  
 When the Sly Toads no sooner have sold one,  
 But out of Cellar they'll produce the same.  
 So, crying Scarcity, they Lull you on,  
 To make rich Rogues o' the greatest Dogs in Town;  
 By crowding Pates (where's though there's room to spare,)  
 With Snuff that smells like ill infected Air:  
 Yet in which well-dung'd Soil, Wit's seldom seen;  
 Or if it ever is, 'tis very Green.  
 Our learned Prelates, and Physicians too,  
 Who ought the Smell of Poyson well to know,  
 Most eagerly the *Musty Scent* pursue.  
 For, that 'tis Poyson, may be plainly shewn,  
 By its purging Thole of Wit that once had some.  
 If then, Good Sirs, you'd Witty be, and well,  
 Damn but their *MUST*, and good Plain-Snuff they'll sell.  
 For 'tis Old *Post* and *Turd*, and such like Stuff,  
 With *Church-Tard-Mould*, makes your admired SNUFF.

F I N I S.